

# Certayne psal-

mes chosen out of the psal-  
ter of David / commonlye

called thee. vñ. penytentiall psal-  
mes, drawen into englyshe me-  
ter by Sir Thomas Wyatt

Knyght, wherunto is ad-

ded a prologe of Hau-

toze before eury psal-

me, very pleasur &

profettable to the

godly reader.

## Printed

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Churchyard, at the signe

of the Starre, By

Thomas Ray-

nald,

and John Harryngton

**T**o the right honorable  
and his singuler good Lord, William,  
Marquess of Northampton,  
Earle of Essex, Barone of Kendal,  
Lord parre, a knight of the most no-  
ble ordze of the Garter, youre moste  
bonden orator at commaundement,  
John Harrington, wpth helth, &  
prosperite wpth encrease of vertue &  
the mercp of God for euer.

**C**Onsyderpng the manyfolde  
dueties and aboundant scrui-  
ce that I owe vnto your good  
Lordshyp (ryghte honorable, & my  
Singuler good Lord) I cā not, but  
see infinite causes, why I chiefly  
of all others oughte (wpth all chere-  
full and ready endeuoure) to grati-  
fye your good Lordshyp by all mea-  
nes possyble, and to applye my selfe  
wholpe too thee same, as one that  
woulde gladly, but cā by no meanes  
be able

able to do accordinglye as hys bon-  
de duetie requirerh: I canot, I say,  
but se & acknowledge my selfe bon-  
de, and not able to doo soche service  
as I owe, both for the inestimable  
benefites þ your noble progenitors,  
and also your good Lordship hath  
shewed vnto my parentes & predy-  
cessors: & also to my selfe, as to one  
least able to do anye acceptable ser-  
uice, though the wil be at all tymes  
most ready, In teke wherof, your  
lordship shal at all tymes perceaue,  
by simple thinges, that my littel wit  
shal be able to inuent, that yf myne  
harte coulde do you any seruyce: no  
labour or trauayle shulde withholde  
me fro doyng my duetie, & that yf  
busy labour & þ hert myght be able  
to paye the ductye that I owe: yet  
your lordship shulde in no poit syn-  
de me ingrate: or vnthakful. And to  
declare this my redye wyll: I haue  
dedicated vnto your name, this lit-

A. II.

Epitrag



the treatise, whiche after I had per-  
used and by the advice of others (bet-  
ter learned then my self) determined  
to put it in printe, that the noble fa-  
me of so worthy a knight, as was  
thee Auctor hereof, Syr Thomas  
Moryat, shuld not perishe but remay-  
ne as wel for his singuler learnig,  
as valiant dedes in mercyful feates:  
I thought that I could not find a  
more worthy patron for such a mans  
worke then your Lordship, who I  
haue alwayes knowen to be of so  
godlye a zeale, to the furtheraunce  
of gods holy & a secret gospel, most  
humbly beseechinge your good Lor-  
deshippe, herin to accepte my good  
wylle, and too esteeme me as one that  
wissheth vnto the same al honour,  
healthe, and prosperous successe.

A M E N.

Your good Lordshippes  
most humble at commaundement  
John Harrington,



# The Prologe of the Auctor

**L**oue to geue laue vnto hys  
subiectes hartes

Stode in the eyes of Barisabe  
the bryghte

And in a looke anone hym selfes  
conuertes

Crucelly pleasaunt, before King Da  
uids syght

Fyrst dased hys eyes, & furder forth  
he startes

Wouth benemed brythe, as softly as  
he myghte

Touche his fenewes, and ouer run  
nes hys bones

Wouth creppynge fyre, sparkeled for  
the nones

20 And when he saue, that kindeled  
was the flame

The noysome popson, in hys harte  
he launced.

So

So that the soule dyd tremble w<sup>th</sup>  
the same

And in hys b<sup>ra</sup>wle, as he stode and  
traunced

Yeldynge vnto the fygure, and thee  
frame

That those farze eyes, haddc in hys  
presens glaunced

The forme that loue, had p<sup>ri</sup>nted in  
hys b<sup>re</sup>ste

He honozeth it, as a thyng of thyn-  
ges beste

So that he forgotte, the wydom  
and forecaste

Sooke the woo to realines, when that  
the kynge dothe lacke

Forgettynge eke, goddes Maiestye  
as false

Yea, and hys owne, forth w<sup>th</sup> he  
dothe to make

Urpe to goo, into thee felde in  
basse

Urpe

type I saye: that was bys Felowes  
make  
vnder pretence, of certayne  
victorie  
for encmyes swordes, a ready pray  
to be

20 Whereby he may, enioye her out  
of doubt

Whome more then God, or him self  
he myndeth

And after he hadde broughte thys  
thyng about

And of that luste, posselt hym self  
he fyndeth:

That hathe and dothe reuerse, and  
clene turne out

Kynges from kyngdomes, and cy-  
ties vndermyndeth

He blynded thynges thys trayne, so  
blynde and close

To blynde al thynges, that nothing  
maye it disclose

But



**B**ut Nathan hath spied, out this  
trecherie  
wpyth euful cheare, and settes afoze  
hys face

The greate offence, outrage and in-  
iurie

That he hath done too God, as in  
thys case

By murder, for too clooke ad-  
ulterie

He shewethe eke from heauen, thee  
threates alas

So sternly soze, thys Prophete thys  
Nathan

That al amazed was, thys woful a-  
ged man

**L**ike him that meateth wpyth hoz-  
ror and wpythe feare

The heate doth strenght forlake the  
lymyttes colde

The colour eke droppeth downe fro  
hys cheare

So

So dothe he feele hys fyre many  
folde

Hys heate, hys luste, his pleasure all  
in scare

Consume and waste, and streyght  
hys crowne of gold.

Hys purple pauler, hys scepter he let  
teth fall

And to the ground, he throweth him  
self wyth all

¶ Then pompious pryde, of state  
and dignite

Forth with rebate repentaunt hum-  
blenes

Thinner vyle clothe, then clothed po  
uertie

Doth scantelye hyde and claddde hys  
nakednes

Hys sayre hooze bearde, of reuerente  
grauntie

Wyth ruffeled herye, knowyng hys  
wyckednes

More

More lyke was he, the same repen-  
taunce

Then statelpe pynce, of worldelpe  
gouernaunce

¶ Hys harpe he taketh, in hand to  
be his guide

Wherwith he offreth, playnts hys  
soule to saue

That from hys harte, dystylleth on  
euery syde

Dypt he dya wynges hym selfe, into a  
dark e caue

Within the ground, wher he might  
hym hyde

Flyinge the lyghte, as in pynson or  
graue

In which as sone, as Dauid entred  
had

The darcke hozro, dyd make hys  
faulte a dꝛad

¶ But without, prolongyng or de-  
laye

¶



Of that, whiche myghte hys Lorde  
hys God appeale

Falleth on hys knes, and wpth hys  
harpe I saye

Afore hys breste, fawted wpth the dy-  
sease

Of stormye syghes, depe draughtes  
of hys decaye

Dressed by myghte, sekpng to counter-  
pase

Hys songes wpth the syghes, and tou-  
chyng of the stringes

Wyth tender harte, loo thus to God  
he synges

Domine ne infurore

Ps. 6.



Lord syng in my mouth,  
thy myghtie name

Suffereth it selfe, my  
lord, to name & to call

Here hath my harpe,

be taken by the same

That the repentance, whych I ha-  
ue and shall

Mape

Haue at thy hande, seke mercy as  
the thyng

Of onely comfort to wretched sin  
ners all

Wherby I dare w<sup>th</sup> humble be  
monynge

By the goodnes of thee, this thyng  
ge requyre

Chastyce me not, for my deser  
uinge

Accordynge to thy iuste concea  
ued yre

O lord I dreade, and that I did  
not dreade

I me repent, and euer more  
desyre

Thee to dreade, I open here and  
spede

My faulte to thee, but thou for  
thy goodnes

Measure it not, in largenes nor  
in breaue,

Punische it not as asketh thee  
greatnes

Pre

Of thy furoꝝ prouoked by myne  
offence

Temper, o loꝝde, the harme of my  
excesse

Wyth mending wyll that I foꝝ  
recompence

Prepare agayne, and rather pꝛyue  
me

Foꝝ I am weake, and cleane wyth  
out defence

More is the nede, I haue of reue-  
nye

Foꝝ of the hole, the leche taketh no  
cure

The shepe that strayeth the she-  
parde seekes to see

I loꝝde am strayed, and seeke with-  
out recure

I fele al my lymes, that haue rebel-  
led foꝝ feare

Shake in despayre onelesse thou  
inc assure

My fleshe is troubled, my harte  
doth feare the speare

That



That drede of deathe, of deathe  
that euer lastes

Threateth of tyghte, and draweth  
nere and neare

Howe moze my soule, is troubled  
by the blastes

Of these assautes, that come as  
thick as hayle

Of worldly vanities, that temp-  
tacion castes

Agayn at the bulwerke, of the fleshy  
frayle

Wherin thee soule, in greate per-  
plexitie

Feeleth the sences, wyth the that  
assayel

Conspire corrupte by pleasure  
and vanitie

Wherby the wretche, dothe too the  
made resorte

Of hope in the, in thys extre-  
mytie

But thou, o lord, howe longe af-  
ter thys sorte

For

Forberest thou, to se my my<sup>s</sup>  
serue

Suffer me yet, in hope of some  
comfort

Fear not feele, that thou for-  
gettest me

Returne (o lord) I beseeche thee  
o lord

Unto thy olde, wonted benygnt  
tye

Reduce rentue, my soule, be thou  
the leche

And reconyle, the great hatred  
and cryte

That it hathe had, agaynst the  
fleshe the wretche

That styged hathe, thy wraath by  
fylthy lyfe

Se howe my soule, doth create  
it to the bones

Inwarde remorse, so charpeth  
it lyke a knyfe

That but thou helpe, the castles  
that beuones

Ors

• Hys greate offence, it turneth anon  
to duste

• Here hathe thy mercye, matter for  
the nones

• For yf thy righteouse hande, that  
is so iuste

• Suffre noo synne, or streyke wythe  
dampnation

• Thy infynite mercye, waite, nedes  
it muste

• Subiecte matter, for hys opera-  
tyon

• For that in death, there is no me-  
morye

• Amonge the dampned, noz yet no  
mencyon

• Of thy great name, grounde of al  
gloze

• Then yf I dye, and goo where as  
I feare

• To thynke ther on, howe shall thy  
great mercye

• Sounde in my mouth, vnto thee  
worlde's care

For



7  
For ther is none, that can the laude  
and loue

For that thou wilt no loue, among  
them there

Suiter my cripes, thee mercede too  
moue

That wanted is, a hundred yeares  
offence

In a moiment of repentance, to  
remoue

Howe ofte haue I called vp with  
dyligence

Thys slouthfull Acche, longe afo-  
re the daye

For to confes, hys faults and  
negligence

That to the denne, for oughte that  
I could: save

Wathe Apill returned, too shrowde  
hym selfe from colde

Wherby, it suffereth none for soche  
delaye

By myghtye playntes, in neede of  
pleasures olde

I washe my bedde, with teares con-  
tinuall

To dull my syghte, that it be ne-  
uer bolde

To sterre my hart agayne, to soche  
a fall

Thus dye I vp, among my foes  
in woo

That wythe my fall, doo ryse and  
growe wythall

And me be sett euen nowe, where  
I am so

Wyth secrette trappes, to trouble  
my penaunce

Some do presente to me, my wea-  
pinge eyes

The chere, the manner, bewtye, or  
countenaunce

Of her, whose looke alas, dyd  
make me blynde

Some other offer, to my remem-  
braunce

These pleasaunt wordes, now byt-  
ter to my mynde

And

And some shewe me the power,  
Of my arinoure

Triumphe, and conquest, and to  
my head a crowne

Doodle dindome, some shewe  
fauoure

Of people frayle, palace, pompe  
and riches

To the mercuries, and they  
baptes of errour

I stoppe my eares, wth helpe of  
thy goodnes

And for I fele, it comineth alone  
of the

That to my harpe, these foes ha-  
ue none access

Dare them byd, auoyde wretches  
and flce

The Lorde hath heard, the voyce  
of my complaynte

Your engynes, take no more ef-  
fect in me

The Lorde hath heard (I saye)  
and sent me saynte

B. II Under



Under your hand, and ppyeth my  
dysresse

He shal do make my sences, by con  
straynte

Obeve thee rule, that reason shall  
expresse

Where that thee discepte, of your  
glosing bayte

Made them vsurpe, a power in al  
excesse

Shamed be they all, that so do lye  
in wayte

To compasse me, by myssynge of  
theyr praye

Shame and rebuke, redownd to  
soche dyscepte

Soden confusion, as stroke with  
out delaye

Shall so deface, theyr craftye  
suggestion

That they to hurte my helth, noo  
more assaye

Hence I, O Loyde, remayne in  
thy protection

The

# The Auctoz

**W**ho so hath sene, the sycke in  
hys feiour

After truce taken, wythe the heate  
o: colde

And that the fytt is passe, of hys  
feiour

Draue fayntinge syghes, let hym  
saye beholde

Sorowefull Dauid, after hys  
languo:

That wyth his teares, that from his  
eyen downe rolled

Paused his playnte, and layd down  
hys harpe

Faythfull recorde, of all hys sorowes  
sharpe

+ Yt semed nowe, that of hys faulte  
the horroure

Dyd make a ferde nomore hys hope  
of grace

Thee threates whercof in horribble  
terroure

**Dyd**

22  
Dyd holde hys harte, as in despaire  
a space

Tyll he had wyll, to seke for hys  
succoure

Hym selfe accusynge, beknowynge  
hys case

Thynkynge so besse, hys lord to  
appeace

And not yet healed, he fealethe hys  
dyscase

¶ Nowe semeth fearful, no more  
the darke caue

That erst dyd make hys fault, for  
to tremble

A place deuoute, of refuge for too  
saue

The succurles, it rather dyd resem  
ble

For who had sene, so kneeling with  
in the graue

The chiefe pasture, of the hebreues  
assemble

woulde



2  
Wolde Judge it, made by teares of  
penytence

A sacred place, woorthy of re-  
uerence

Wyt he vapoꝛed eyes, he looked  
heare, and there

And when he hath, a while him self  
bethoughte

Gatheringe his spirittes, that were  
disdayde foꝛ feare

Hys harpe agayne, vnto hys hand  
he rought

Tunynge accoꝛde, by Iudgemente  
of hys eare

Hys hartes botome, foꝛ a syghe he  
soughte

And there withall, vpon the holowe  
tree

With strayned voyce, agayne thus  
cryed he

Beati



**O** happy are they, that  
haue forgeuents gotte  
Of thair offence, not by  
ther penitence

As by merite which re  
compenceth not

All though they yet pardon, haue  
not offence

Without the same, but by the  
goodnesse

Of hym that haue, perfect in  
telligence

Of harte contrite, and couert the  
greatnesse

Of synne, within a mercifull  
discharge

And happye are they, that haue the  
wylfulnesse

Of lust restrayned, afore it went  
at large

Mouoked by the drede, of Gods  
furoz

where

Whereby they haue not on theis  
backes thee charge

Of other faultes, too suffer thee  
doloꝝ

Foꝝ that theyꝝ faulte, was neuer  
execute

In open syghte, example of  
erroꝝ

And happy is he, to whome God  
doth impute

As moꝝe hys faulte, by knowledg  
gynge hys synne

And cleused now, thee loꝝde dothe  
hym repute

As adder freshe, newe strypped  
from hys skynne

As in hys spete, is oughte vn-  
discouered

As foꝝ bycause, I hydde it sylle  
wythin

Thynkinge by state, in fault to  
be preferred

Do fynde by hyding of my fault  
my harme

As he



As he that syndeth, hys healthe  
hyndered

By secrete wounde, concealed  
from the charme

Of leches cure, that else had, had  
redresse

And fele my bones, consume and  
ware vnferme

By daylye rage, roynge in  
excesse

The heauy hande, on me was so  
encreaste

Both daye and nyght, & hold my  
harte in presse

Wyth prickinge thoughtes, by re  
uynge me my selfe

That withered is, my luyfnes  
awaye

As somer beates, that haue thee  
greyn oppresse.

Wherfore I dyd, another waye  
assaye

And soughte forth wyth, to open  
in thy syght

My

My faulte, my feare, my fylthines  
I saye

And not to hyde, fro the, my great  
vntpyghte

I shall quoth I, agaynst my selfe  
confesse

Vnto thee Lorde, all my synfull  
plyghte

And thou forth with, diddest reach  
the wyckednesse

Of myne offence, of truthe right  
thus it is

Wherfore they, that haue tasted  
thy goodnesse

At me, shall take example, as of  
thys

And praye, and seke in tyme, for tyme  
me of grace

Then shall the Goyues, and Aud-  
des of hatre

And hym to reche, shall neuer ha-  
ue the space

Thou arte my refuge, and onely  
sauegarde

from

42  
from the troubles that compass  
me the place

Such Joyes, as he that scapeth  
his enemyes warde

worth losed bandes, hath  
in libertie

Such is my ioye, thou haste to  
me preparte

That as the see man in his Jeo  
pardy

By soden syght, perceaued hath  
the lyght

So by thy great merciful pro  
perty

Within thy booke thus reade I  
my comforte

I hal the teache, and geue vnder  
standynge

And point to the, what way thou  
shalte resorte

For thy addresse, to kepe the fro  
wanderynge

My eye shall take the charge to  
be thy guyde



2  
I aske therto, of the onclpe thys  
thyng

Be not lyke horse or mule that  
men do ryde

That not alone doth his master  
knowe

But for thee good, thou muste  
hym betide

And bridled lest hys gypde he  
byte or throwe

Oh diuerse there are chastelings  
of stone

In meat, and drynke, in brythe,  
that man doth blowe

In slepe, and watche, in fetyng  
ge syl wyth in

That neuer suffer test vnto the  
mynde

Felde wythe offence, that newe  
and newe begynne

Wyth thousande feares, the hat  
te to strayne and blinde:

But for at thys be that in God  
doth trust

Worthe

Whoe the sweete, shall hym selfe  
Defended fynde  
Joyce, and reioyce, I saye: you  
that be iuste  
In hym that maketh, & holdeth  
you so still  
In hym youre gloire, alwayes  
set you muste  
All you that be, of bryght hart  
and wyll

### The Auctor

**T**hys longe endyd, Dauid dyd  
spyte his voyce  
And in that whyle, he aboute  
wyth his eye  
Dyd seke the darke caue, wylth wher  
he wythoute voyce  
Hys splence sewed, too argue and  
reple  
Upon his harpe, thys peace that  
dyd reioyce

Edes

the soules wylth merce, that merce  
so byd call  
And sounde merce, at plene full  
merces hand  
Neuer denied, but where it was  
wylthande

As the scrutaunte, in hys map-  
pers face  
syndryge pardon, of hys passed of-  
fence  
Consyderynge his greate goodnes,  
and hys grace  
Gladde teares drylles, as glad-  
some recompence  
Bygbe so Dauid, serned in thee  
place  
A marble Image, of synguler reue-  
rence  
Carued in the rocke, wylth eyes and  
hande on bygbe  
Made is by craft, to playn, to sobbe,  
to bygbe

Chps



For this while a beame that bright  
forme forth sendeth  
That some the wyche was neuer  
sonne could hyde  
Perceith the cause, and on the harpe  
descendeth  
Whose glauking lyght, the world  
dyd ouer glyde  
And suche luydeth vpon the harpe  
extendeth  
As lyghte of lampe, vpon the golde  
cleaue tryed  
The tozre wherof into his eyes did  
sette  
Supprysed wyth ioye, by pennan-  
ce of the harpe  
He more enflamed, with farre  
more hote effecte  
Of God then he was erle of Bar-  
sabe  
Hys lefte foote dyd on the earthe  
ette  
Iuste thereby remainethe the other  
knee

To

To the left side, his might be  
 dothe dyette  
 For hope of helthe, his harpe a-  
 gayne taketh he  
 His hande, his tyme, his mynde  
 sought his laye  
 so byche to the lord, with sober voy-  
 ce dyd saye

Domine ne in furore tuo.

Ps. 38.



Lord as I haue e, both  
 prayed and praye

Although in the, be  
 no alteracyon

But that we me, like  
 as our selves we saye

Mesurynge thy Justice, by our  
 mutacyon

Chastice me not (oh lord) in thy  
 furore

Nor me correcte, in wrathful ca-  
 stigacyon

For that thy arrowes, of feare,  
 of Terror



C. 1. 08

Of sword, of sycknes, of famine,  
of fyre

Stickes depe in me, I (loo) fro  
myne errour

Am plucked vp, as horse out of  
the myze

With stroke of spurre, such is thy  
hande on me

That in my fleshe, for terroz of  
thy yre

Is not one poynt, of ferme stabl  
lytpe

Noz in my bones, ther is no sted  
fastnes

Suche is my dreade, of muta-  
blytpe

For that I knowe, my frailfull  
wyckednes

For why my synnes aboute my  
hed are bounde

Lyke heuy weightes, that doth  
my force oppresse

Under the whych I stoupe, and  
bowe to the grounde



35  
As wyllow plante, haled by byd  
lence

And of my fleshe, ecche not well  
cured wounde

That festered is, by folpe, and  
neglygence

By secret luste, hath ranked un  
der skynne

Not duely cured, by my peny  
tence

Perceyvinge thus, the tyrannye  
of synne

That with weyght, hath hūbled  
and deprest

My pryde, by grudgyng of the  
wozine within

That neuer dyeth, I lyue with  
outen rest

So are myne entrayles, Infect  
with feruent soze

Sedynge my harme, & my welch  
oppreste

That in my fleshe, is lefte no hel  
the therfore

Call So

So wonderous great, hath been  
my veracyon

That it forsced my harte, to cry  
and roze

O lord thou knowest, thinwar  
de contemplacyon

Of my desire, thou knowest my  
syghes and plaintes

Thou knowest, the teares of my  
lamentacyon

Canot expresse, my hartes inwar  
de restrayntes

My harte pantethe, my force I  
feele it quayle

My sight, my eyes, my loke de-  
cayes and fayntes

And when myne chemyes, dyd  
me most assayle

My frendes most sure, whereto  
I set most trust

Myne owne vertues, sonest the  
dyd fayle

And stode aparte, reason & wytt  
vntruste

As

As kyn vnkynde, were fardeste  
gone at nede

So had they place, ther venumme  
out to thruste

That sought my death, by nau  
ghty worde and deade

Ther tonges reproche, their wit  
dyd fraude applye

And I lyke deafe & dom, forthe  
my waye pede

Lyke one that heres not, noz hath  
to reple

Not one worde agayne, know  
yng that from thyne hande

These thynges procede, & thou  
lozde shalte reple

My truste in that, wherein I  
lycke and stande

Yet haue I had, greate cause to  
dreade and feare

That thou wouldeste geue, my  
foes the ouer hande

For in my fal, they shewed suche  
pleasaunt chere

That



67  
That there wythal, I alway in  
the lashe

Abyde the stroke, and wythe me  
euery where

I beare my faulte, that greately  
doth abashe

My dolefull cheare, for I my  
faulte confesse

And my deserte, dothe al my cō-  
forte dache

In the meane while, mine enemies  
styll encrease

And my prouokers, hereby doo  
augmente

That without cause, to hurt me  
do no rease

In euell for good, agaynste me  
they be bente

And hynder thal, my good pre-  
sente of grace

A poeue my god, that seeest my  
whole entente

My lord I am, thou knowest in  
what case

Forlake

39  
Forlake me not, be not far from  
me gone

Haste to my helpe, haste lord, &  
hast apace

O lord, the lord, of al my helth  
alone

## The Auctor

**L**Yke as the pylgrime, þ in a lon  
ge way

Faintinge for heate, prouoked  
by some wynde

In some fresche shade, lyeth downe  
at middes of the day

So dothe of Dauid, the wery boy-  
ce and mynde

Take breath of syghes, whē he had  
songe this laye

Under suche shade, as sorowe hath  
assynde

And as thee tone, styll myndes bys  
page ende

So

So dothe the other, to mercede still  
pretende

On foure cordes, hys fingers  
he pretendes

Without hearyng, or Judgement  
of the sounde

Downe of hys eyes, a streame of  
teares discendes

Without felynge, that tryckell on  
the grounde

As he that bleedes in bayne, ryghte  
so Intendes

Chaltered sences to that, that they  
are bounde

But spghe and wepe, he can none  
other thyng

And loke vp still, vnto the heauen  
kyng

But who hath ben, wythoute  
the caue mouthe

And hearde thee teares, and spghes  
that hym dyd strayne

He wold haue swozne, ther had oute  
of the southe

¶ Luke



41  
A luke warme wynd, brought forth  
a smoky rayne

But that so close the caue was, and  
vncoweth

That none but god, was recorde of  
hys payne

Elſ hadde the wynde blowen, in all  
Iſraell eares

Of theyr kyng, the wofull playnte  
and teares

† Of whych ſorne, part whē he  
vp ſapped had

Lyke as he, whō hys owne thoughte  
affayres

He turnes hys loke, hym ſeined that  
the ſhade

Of hys offence, agayne bys force  
affayres

By vyolente diſpayre, on hym too  
lade

Stertynge lyke hym, whom ſodayn  
diſpayre diſmayde

His herte he ſtraynes, and from his  
harte oute bringes

¶ Thus

Thys songe that I note, wether he  
cryeth or synge

Ps. 51.

Miserere mei deus



Re on me Lord, for thy  
goodnes and grace  
That of thy nature,  
arte so bountifull  
For that goodnes, that  
in thy worde dothe brace

Repugnant natures, in quiet wo  
derfull

And for thy mercyes, nōber with-  
oute ende

In heauen and earth, perccayd  
so plentifull

That ouer al, they do them selves  
extende

For hys merce, moche moze then  
man can synne

Do a way my synne, that thy gra  
ce offende

Ofte tymes agayne washe me,  
but washe me well wpythin

And

And from my synnes, that thus  
makes me afraid

Make thou me cleane, as euer  
thy worte hath bene

For vnto thee nowe, none can be  
layde

For too prescribe, remission of  
synne

In harte returned, as thou thy  
selfe hast sayde

And I beknowe my faulte, and  
my neglygence

In my syghte, my synnes is fix-  
ed faste

Therof too haue, more perfecte  
penyence

To the aboue, to the haue I tres-  
passe

For none can cure my faulte,  
but thou alone

For in thy syght, I haue not ben  
agaste

For to offend, iudging thy sight  
as none

So



So that my faulte, were hydde  
from syghte of man

Thy maiestye, so from my sight  
was gone

Thys knowe I, and repent, par  
don thou then

Wherby thou shalte kepe, styll  
thy worde stable

Thy iustyce pure and cleane, be-  
cause that when

I pardoned am, then forth with  
iustictable

Iustice I am iudged, by iustice of  
thy grace

For I my selfe, loo, thinge mooste  
vnstable

Formed in offence, conceaued in  
lyke case

Am nought, but synne from my  
natpuytie

Be not these sayde, for myne ex-  
cuse, ah alas

But of thy helpe, to shewe neces-  
sitle inwarde

for

For loo, thou leuest the truthe of  
the harte

Whych yet dothe lye, in mooste  
fydelite

Thoughe I haue fallē, by frayle  
ouerthawte

For wylfull malyce, leade me not  
the waye

So moche, as hathe thee fleshe,  
Dra wen me aparte

Wherfore (O Lorde) as thou hast  
Done alwaye

Teache me, the hydden wysdom  
of thy loze

Since that my faythe, dothe not  
yet decaye

And as the Jewes, to heale thee  
lypper soze

Wytte I loppe clense, clense me  
and I am cleane

Thou shalte me washe, and moze  
then snowe therfore

I shalbe whyte, howe foule my  
faulte hath bene

Thou

Thou of my health, shall glad for  
me tydings bringe

When from aboue, remittō shal  
be sene

Discende on earth, thou shalt for  
ioye vpspringe

The bones, that were before con-  
sumed to duste

Loke not, oh Lorde, vppon myne  
offendynge

But do awaye my dedes, that are  
vniuite

Make a cleane hart, in the middell  
of my breste

Wyth sprytc vpryghte, boyded  
from fylthy luste

From thyne eyes cure, cast me not  
in vnreste

Doz take from me, the sprytc of  
holynesse

Render to me, ioye of thy helpe &  
beste

My wylle confyrme, wyth the spi-  
rite of stedfastnesse

**And**



And by thys, shall these goodlye  
thynges ensue

Synners I shall, into thy way-  
es addresse

They shall returne to the, and thy  
grace sue

My tongue shall prayse, thy iu-  
stification

My mouth shall spreade, thy glo-  
rious prayse true

But of thy selfe, o God, thys ope-  
ration

It muste procede, by purgynge  
me from bloode

Amonge the iuste, that I maye  
haue relatyon

And of thy laudes, for to let out  
the flood

Thou muste, oh lord, my lippes  
firste vnlose

For yf thou haddeste, esteemed  
pleasaunt good

The outwarde dedes, that oute-  
warde men disclose

I wold haue offered, vnto the  
sacrifice

But thou delystest not, in no soche  
glose

Of outeward dede, as men drea-  
me and decyfe

The sacrifice, that the lord lyketh  
moste

Is spirite contryte, lowe harte in  
humble wyse

Thou doeste accepte, o God, for  
pleasunt hoste

Make Syon, Lorde, accordynge  
to thy wyll

Inward Syon, the Syon of the  
hoste

Of hartes, Ierusalem strengthe  
thy walles styll

Then shalte thou take for good,  
the outwarde dedes

Of a sacrifice, thy pleasure too  
fulfyll

The

## The Auctor

**C**f deape secretes, that Dauid  
ther dyd synge

Of mercye, of fayth, of scaple  
tle, of grace

Of goddes goodnesse, and of lusty  
synginge

Thy goodnesse dyd so, astrong hym  
apace

As who myght saye, who hath ex-  
pressed thys thyng

I synner, I: what haue I saide: ah  
alas

That gods goodnesse, wolde with-  
in my songe entreat

Let me agayne, consyder and re-  
peate

**A**nd so he doth, but expressed  
by worde

But in hys harte, he turnethe and  
payseth

D.i.

Eche



Each worde that hys lippes, myght  
foorde abrode

He poiteth, he pawseth, he wōdgeth,  
he prayseth

The mercy that bydethe, of iustyce  
the sword:

The iustyce that so, hys promyse ac  
complysheth

For hys wordes sake, to worthyng  
deserte

That grātis, hys grace, to me dothe  
departe.

Here hath he comfort, when he doth  
measure

Measureles merce, to measureles  
fautes

To prodigaile synners, Infynyte  
treasure

Treasure celestyal, that neuer shal  
defaule

Ye, when that synne shal fayle, and  
may not endure

Mercy shal reigne agayne, whome  
shal not assaute

¶

Of hell preuaple, by whome loe, at  
thys daye  
Of heauen gates, remysyon is thee  
haye  
And when Dauid, had pondered  
wel and tryed  
And seeth hym selfe, not outterly de  
pryued  
For lyght of grace, that darcke of  
synne dyd hyde  
He fyndeth hys hoope moche, there  
with reuyued  
He importeth on the lorde, on euery  
syde  
For he knoweth wel, that to mercy  
is ascribed  
Respecteles labor, importune, crye,  
and call  
And thus begynneth hys song, there  
wythall

Domine exaudi orationem  
meam.

Ps. 102.

D.ii. Lorde



Lord heare my prayer, &  
let my crye passe  
Unto the, lord, with  
out Impedyments  
Do not fro me, touc  
ne thy merciful face

Unto my selfe, leauynge my go-  
uernement

In tyme of trouble, and aduer-  
sitye

Enclyne vnto me, thyne care &  
thyne entente

And when I call, helpe myne ne-  
cessitye

Redely graunte, the effecte of my  
desyre

Woldelye too please thy Maie-  
sty

And eke my case, soch haste doth  
well requyre

For lyke a synke, my dayes are  
past awaye

My bones dryed vp, as a fornae  
with the fyre

My harte, my mynde, is wythe



53  
red by lyke have

But I have forgott, to take my  
breaðe

My breaðe of lyfe, thee worde of  
truthe I saye

And for my paynfull syghes, &  
my dreade

My bones my strength, my be-  
ry force of mynde

Cleued to the fleshe, and from þe  
spirite were fledde

As desperate, thy mercye for to  
fynde

So made I am, the soden pel-  
lycane

And lyke the owle, that flyeth by  
proper kynde

Lyght of the day, and hath her  
self betane

To ruyne lyfe, oute of all com-  
panye

Wyth waker care, that to this  
woo beganne

Lyke thee sparrowe, was I so  
lytarpe

That

That lyttes alone, vnder þe hou-  
ses eaves

This whyle my foes, conspyzed  
conynually

And dyd prouoke, the harne of  
my dyssease

Wherfore lyke ashes, my bread  
dyd me sauor

Of thy lust word, the tast might  
not me please

Wherfore my drinke, I tempe-  
red wth lycor

Of wepyng teares, that from  
myne eyes dyd rayne

Because I knowe, the wrath of  
thy furour

Prrouoked by ryghte, had of my  
pyde dysdayne

For thou dyddest lyfte me vp, to  
thraue me downe

To teache me, howe to know my  
selfe agayne

Wherby I knowe, that helpeles  
I shuld browne

My

56  
By dayes like shadow declyn;  
and I doo crye

And the for ever, eternitie dothe  
drowne

Worldc wythoute ende, dothe  
last thy memory

For thy3 frailtie, that yoketh al  
man kynde

Thou shalt awake, and rue this  
myserye

Rue on Syon, Syon, that as I  
fynde

Is thee people, that lyue vnder  
the lawe

For now is tyme, the tyme at hā  
de assynde

The tyme so longe, that thy ser-  
uauntes drawe

In greate desyre, to se that plea-  
saunte daye

Daye of redemyng: Syon, fro  
synnes awe

For they haue Ruthe, to see in  
suche decaye

In



He hath abjedged, my dayes they  
are not sure

To le that tetime, that tyme so  
wonderfull

All though I haue, with hart, will  
and cure

Prayed to the Lorde, take me not  
awaye

In the middes of my yeares, tho  
ughe thyne cure sure

Remayne eteene, whorn tyme can  
not decaye

Thou wroughtest the earthe, thy  
handes the heauens dyd make

They shall peryshe, & thou shalt  
laste alwaye

And all thynges aye, shall wete  
and ouertake

Lyke clothe and thou shalt chaun  
ge the lyke apparrell

Turne, and translate, and they  
in worthe it take

But thou thy selfe, thy selfe re=  
maynesthe hole

that

59  
That thou was crē, and shall  
thy peate extende

Then leus to thys, there maye no  
thyngē rebelle

The greateste compforte, that I  
can pretende

Is, that the chyldren, of thy ser-  
uauntes deare

That in the world are gotte, shall  
wythoute ende

Before thy face, be stablyshed all  
in feare

### The Auctor

**W**hen Dauid, hadde perceaued  
in hys brellē

The spyryte of God retourne, that  
was exyled

Because he knewe, he hath alone ex-  
presse

These greate thynges, that grea:er  
spyryte compyled

Is

As shalme or pipe, lettes out the  
sounde impresse  
By musyke arte forged, to fore &  
fyled

I saye, when Dauid hadde percea-  
ued that, I wys  
The spirite of comforte, in hym  
reuyued is

& for that vpon, he maketh argu-  
mente

Of reconсылыng, vnto the Lordes  
grace

Al thoughe somtyme, to prophety  
hathe lence

Bothe brute, beastes, and wycked  
hartes a place

But our Dauid, iudgeth in hys  
entente

Hym selfe by penance, cleane oute  
of thys case

Wherby he hathe remission of  
offence

And begynneth to allowe, hys payne  
and penitence

But



61  
But when he wepeth, the fault  
and recompense  
He dampneth hys dede, and syndeth  
playne

Attwene them two, no what equiva-  
lence

Wherby he taketh, all outwarde  
dedes in bayne

To beare the name, of ryghtfull pe-  
nitence

Whych is alone, the harte returned  
agayne

And soze contryte hart, that doth his  
faulke bemonie

And outward dede, the synne oz fru-  
te alone

Whych thys he dothe defende,  
the sye assaulke

Of bayne alloweance, of hys owne  
deserte

And all the gloze, of hys forgiven  
faulke

To God alone, he dothe it hole  
conuerke

Hys

21  
Hys owne mycrite, he fyndeth in de-  
faulce

And whyles he pondered, these thin-  
gs in hys harte

Hys knee, hys arme, hys hande se-  
steined hys chynne

When he hys songe, agayne thus  
dyd begynne

Ps. 130.

Deprofundis clamaui ad te domine.



From depth of synne, &  
from depe dyspayre

From depth of deeth, from  
depth of hartes sorowe

From this depe caue, of  
darkenes, depe repayre

Ther haue I called (O Lorde) to be  
my bozowe

Thou in my voyce, O Lorde, per-  
ceau and heare

My harte, my hope, my playnte,  
my ouerthrowe

My wyll to ryse, and let by graunt  
appeare

That

That to my voyce, thyne eares do  
well attende

No place so farre, that to the is  
not neare

Noo depthe so depe, that thou ne  
mayst e extende

Thyne eare sette therto, heare the  
my wofull playnte

For Lord, yf thou doo obserue,  
what men doo offende

And putte the natyue metcpe, in  
restreynte

Yf iuste exaction, demaunde re-  
compence

Who maye endure, O Lorde,  
who shall not faynte

At soche accompte, dede, and no  
reuerence

Shoulde so runne at large, but  
thou sekest rather loue

For in thy hande, is mercyes  
resydence

E y hope, whercof thou doeste  
oure hartes moue

• In



In the Lorde, haue sette my confidence

My soule soche trueth, dothe euermore approue

Thy holpe worde, of eterne excellencie

Thy mercyes promise, that is all waye iuste

Haue ben my staye, my piller and p[re]sence

My soule in God, hath more desyrous truste

Then hath the watchman, looking for the daye

By thy reliefe, to quenche of slepe the thurst

Lette Israell truste, to the Lord alwaye

For grace and fauor, are hys propre

Plenteouse ransome, shall come w[ith] hym I saye

And shall redeeme, all oure iniquitie

These

## The Auctor

**T**hys worde, redeine, that in his  
mouthe dyd sounde  
Dyd putte Dauid, it semeth

unto me

As in a traunce, to stare vppon thee  
grounde

And wpth hys thoughte, the hyghte  
of heauen to see

Where he beholdes, thee worde that  
shulde confoande

The worde of death, by humilite  
here to be

In mortall mayde, in mortal habite  
made

Eternallye, in mortall bayle too  
shade

**¶** He seyth that worde, whē ful  
type tyme shulde come

Doo awaye that bayle, by feruente  
affection

Tourne of wpth deathe, for deathe  
shulde haue her done

**¶** And

And lepeþ lyghter, frome ſoche cor-  
ruption

The glute of lyghte, that in the ayre  
dothe lome

Man redemeth, death hath he her de-  
struction

That mortall bayle, hath he immor-  
talitie

Too Dauid, affuraunce of hys in-  
quittie

¶ Wherby he frames, thys rea-  
ſon in hys harte

That goodnes, whych doth not for-  
beare hys ſonne

From death, for me, and can therby  
conuerte

My death to lyfe, my ſynne to ſal-  
uation

Bothe can, and wyl, a ſmaller grace  
departe

To hym that ſueth, by humble ſup-  
plication

And ſyns, I haue thys larger grace  
aſſayde

To



To aske thys thinge, why am I the  
affrayde

¶ He graunteth moſte, to them  
that moſte do craue  
And he delyghtes, in ſuit wpythoute  
reſpecte

Alas, my ſonne purſues me to the  
graue

Suffered by God, my ſynnes for to  
correcte

But of my ſynnes, ſyns I may par-  
don haue

My ſonnes ſyte, Shall cheertely be  
reſecte

Then wyll I craue, wpyth ſure con-  
fydence

And thus begynne the ſucte of bys  
pretence

Domine exaudi orationem meam.

Ps. 143.



Hear my prayer, o lord,  
heare my requelte

Complyſhe my bone,  
ſupply thou my deſyre

Not for my deſett, but  
for thyne owne beheſt

In whose firme truth, thou promist  
myne enemye

To stande stable, and after thy  
iustyce

Performe, oh Lorde, that thyng  
that I requyre

But of law, after the forme and  
guise

To enter iudgement, wythe thee  
thy all bonde slaue

To plede bys right, for in soch  
maner wyse

Before thy syghte, noo man bys  
ryghte shall saue

For of my self, lo, thys my righte  
ousnesse

By scourge and whyppe, and prycke  
kynges spurres I haue

I cannt ryse vp, such is my bea-  
lynes

For that, myne enemyes hath pur-  
sued my lyfe

And in the duste, hath he soyled my  
iustynes

69  
Forreigne realmes, to flee hys rage  
so ryte

He hathe me forste, as deade to  
hyde my heade

And for bycause, within my self  
at stryfe

My harte, spirite, wythe all my  
force ware fledde

I had recourse, to times that ben  
paste

And dyd remember, thy deades  
in al my drede

And dyd peruse, thy worckes &  
euer last

Wherby I knowe, aboue these  
wonders al

Thy wercyes were, then lyfte I  
vp in hast

My handes to thee, my soule to  
the dyd call

Lyke bare soyle, for myster of  
thy grace

Haste to my helpe (O lord) afore  
I fall

for



For euer I fele, my spiryte doth  
fainte apace

Turne not thy face from me, &  
I be layede

In compt of them, that headlin  
ge downe doo passe

Into the pyt, shewe me be times  
thyne ayde

For on thy grace, I holly do de  
pende

And in thy handes, since all my  
helth is stayd

Do me to know, what way thou  
wylte, I bende

For vnto the, I haue raysed vp  
my mynde

Rydde me (oh lozde) from them  
that do entende

My foes to be, for I haue me  
assigned

Alwayne wpythin, thy secrete pro-  
tectyon

Teache me thy wyl, that I by &  
may fynde

The

The way to worke, the same in af-  
fectyon

For thou my god, thy blessed spi-  
rite vpright

In laude of truthe, shall be my  
dyrectyon

Thou for thy name, shall reuiue  
my spiryte

Worthin the ryght, that I recei-  
ue by the

Whereby my lyfe, of daunger  
shalbe quyte

Thou haste fordone, the greate  
intquyte

That berre my soule, thou shalt  
also confounde

My foes (oh lord) for thy be-  
nignitie

For thyne ain I, thy seruaunte  
moste bounde

I I A I S.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum  
Solum,

M.D.XLII. The last  
day of December,

